

# The Northwest Missourian

Vol. 50—No. 24

Maryville, Missouri

May 13, 1964

## 'The Man' Opens May 21

The MSC chapter of Alpha Psi Omega, honorary drama fraternity will present, as its annual production, *The Man*, on the stage of the Little Theatre May 21, 22.

Norman Wilcox and Sharon Freeman will play the lead roles in the play by Martin Dinelli. Dr. Ralph Fulsom, Alpha Psi sponsor, will direct the play. Curtain time is 8 p. m.

Tickets may be purchased from Alpha Psi pledges Jeff Falter, Lorraine Faubin, Gene Probasco, Eddielea Roe, and Doris Wilson, and from the other members.

## Governor Dalton, Dr. H. G. Dildine To Speak at MSC

Missouri's governor, John Dalton, will be speaker for the 58th commencement at MSC at 8 p. m. June 2 in Lamkin Gymnasium.

Dr. H. G. Dildine will speak at the Baccalaureate service Sunday, May 31, at 3 p. m. in the college auditorium. Also in the service will be Maryville clergy, Charles Sanders, who will read the scripture; Rev. Melvin M. Hill, invocation; Rev. Hauser Winter, prayer; and Rev. Tom Peake, jr., benediction.

The number of candidates for degrees totals 319. They are divided as follows: A. B. degrees, 13; B. A. degrees, 50; B. S. in secondary education, 190; B. S. in elementary education, 65; and B. S. in medical technology, 1.

Other events of commencement week will include a senior breakfast, June 1 at 8:30 a. m. in the J. W. Jones Union; a reception for seniors, June 1 at 3 p. m. at President J. W. Jones' home; and an alumni dinner June 1 at 6:30 p. m. in the Union.

## Mathematics Assn. Sponsors Talks By M.U. Professor

The Mathematical Assn. of America with the financial support of the National Science Foundation, is sponsoring a visit by Dr. Leonard Blumenthal, professor of mathematics at the University of Missouri, to MSC May 12-13.

The visit, apart of a nationwide lectureship program, has a three-fold purpose: (a) to strengthen and stimulate the mathematics programs at colleges and universities, (b) to provide the mathematics staff and majors with personal contact with productive and creative mathematics, and (c) to aid in motivating able college students to consider careers in mathematics and teaching.



220 PIES—Mrs. Mary White, acting dietician, and one of her cooks are shown putting two of more than 220 freshly baked pies to cool. The pies were served last week at the cafeteria.

## Greeks Fete Pres. Jones At Union Tea

Members of MSC's sororities and fraternities honored President J. W. Jones at a tea Monday afternoon.

Sponsored by the Pan Hellenic Council and the Inter-Fraternity Council, the tea was given to recognize the years of service the retiring President has given to the college and to the Greek organization. On behalf of Pan Hel and IFC, Bob Johnson presented a bouquet of flowers and a check to be used in decorating their house to Dr. and Mrs. Jones.

The tea was held in the Rose Room. Dr. and Mrs. Jones, Dean of Women, Gimmie Atchley, Dean of Men, Jack Lasley, Pan Hel president, Carolyn Enis, and IFC president Travers Booth were in the reception line.

### —BULLETIN—

The Tower will again go on sale Thursday in the Administration Building between 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Distribution point is the supply closet on the first floor.

Purchasers must have ID cards.

## Six to Compete in State Reader's Theatre

Six MSC students will compete in the State Readers Theatre contest at Lincoln University Friday and Saturday.

The drama and speech majors will present *The American Dream*, by Edward Albee, on Friday and will present readings in drama, prose, and poetry on Saturday. Mr. George Hinshaw will accompany the group.

Carolyn Enis, Lorraine Faubin, Sharon Freeman, Ken Price, Gene Probasco, and Norman Wilcox will make the trip to the university located in Jefferson City.

### NOTICE

The deadline for all National Defense Student loan applications for the fall semester, 1964-65, is July 15, 1964.

Applications may be obtained in the Business Office.

### LOST AND FOUND

Found: 3 medals (2 music, 1 athletic) in the swimming pool. Owner identify date on medal. See Miss Magill.

MAY 21—BLUE ROOM SUPPER  
STUDENT WIVES  
Just for Wives—  
Not for Husbands  
JULY—FAMILY PICNIC

## "The Death of the Eagle"

Ah, my eagle, I mourn for you.  
Your wits even the bear did fear.  
Brute strength he has, yet he ran from you  
When you bettered him with your vision clear,  
And your agile moves, and your sharpened ear.

I heard the shot, but heard not your cry  
When the hunter stalked and murdered you.  
Though I was not there to see you die,  
I heard your brethren weep for you.  
I remember the head you held so high,  
And the awe I felt when I saw you fly.

But I mourn not alone your eternal sleep;  
The bear has also been seen to weep.  
For your wary brethren must now all strive  
To be wariest still to remain alive.

—Eunice Curd

## Students Honored At Annual Assembly

by Tegwin Dyer

At the Honors Assembly held Monday night in the Administration Building Auditorium, Dr. J. W. Jones presented awards for the outstanding student achievements during the 1963-64 school year.

The retiring MSC president predicted next fall's enrollment at Northwest State would top 3,200. By 1975, enrollment in all Missouri colleges will be doubled. This presents the challenge offered each college graduate.

Dr. J. Gordon Strong, retiring chairman of the chemistry department, gave the invocation. Mrs. Elizabeth Rounds, teaching assistant in the music department, provided organ music.

Dr. Jones, in a witty casual way, presented the awards and recognitions to the following students:

Awards from the American Association of University Women were presented first. The AAUW senior medal, for the highest scholastic average in the senior year, went to Carol Sue Miller. The junior schol-

arship loan, given on the basis of scholarship, personality, and character, went to Kay Graves and the courtesy membership award, for the outstanding woman in the graduating class, went to Deborah Price.

### Condon Achievement Award

Journalism keys were received by Marvin Bell and Tec Jamison for exceptional work in journalism while Sharon Cross, Bob Johnson, Theresa McCord, Lorraine Schultz, and Sheryl Tenhulzen received journalism star awards. Evelyn Fletchall won the Condon Corner Drug achievement award on the basis of grades continued enrollment, and demonstration of worth to the college.

For active participation in Delta Psi Kappa, Karon Joar Ott received a life membership award. Carol Sue Miller, the graduating senior with the highest scholastic average for four years, won the John L. Harr Scholarship Medal.

In the home economics field Norma Ann Hunsicker received the Hotchkiss Senior Award, a one place setting of fine china given on the basis of scholarship and leadership potential. Dual honors went to Zet Combs and Melanie Gail Eisinger who won the Marie Huff Scholarship Award for the freshman major with the highest grade point in home economics. The girls each received a silver spoon and a silver tray went to the department Gladys Hansen got the Kappa Omicron Phi Senior Award for the greatest contribution to the good of the chapter.

### Phi Lambs Win Cup

From the physical education department, Dean Hammon and Terry Guertoin won the individual high point awards on the basis of points given for participation in both intramural and varsity competition. Phi Lambda Chi secured the Intramural Supremacy Trophy on the basis of high scholastic standards and leadership in activities and sports. Glen Ackse received the Howard Leec Junior Medal.

Selected by the Fine Arts department for superior ability interest, and understanding Thomas W. Thorburgh was given the Kappa Pi Senior Award. A new award, the Robert N. Lilley Scholarship, went to Larry Harms for work in the fields of science and math.

Ramona Kinder secured the Edward P. Morgan Citizenship Award. The Pi Kappa Delta Speaker of the Year Award went to the distinguished student in intercollegiate forensic activities, Bob Cotter.

In the business field Barbara Thompson received the F.

(Continued on Page Two)

## Two MSC Deans Book Commencement Talks

Dr. C. E. Koerble, dean of students at Northwest State College, will give three speeches at high school commencements this week. He is scheduled to speak at Southwest High School, Bethany, May 12; Osborne Public High School, May 13; and at North Harrison High School, Eagleville, May 14.

Dr. R. P. Foster, dean of administration and MSC president-elect, will speak at Hamilton's commencement exercises May 15.

### TEXTBOOK HOURS

#### Open

Saturday, May 23—

10:00 a. m. - 1:00 p. m.

Monday and Tuesday,

May 25-26—

11 a. m.-1 p. m.

2:00 p. m.-3 p. m.

Wednesday, May 27—

Thursday, May 28—

Friday, May 29—

8 a. m.-5 p. m. daily

Open at noon.

Monday and Tuesday,

June 1-2—

8 a. m.-5 p. m.

Open at noon.

Wednesday, June 3—

9 a. m.-4 p. m.

Closed at noon.

Textbooks must be in by 4 p. m. Wednesday, June 3rd. The borrower forfeits \$1 of his book deposit for each day after the deadline.

All textbook records must be cleared, and deposits claimed at the Business Office except for those who plan to attend summer school.

## NORTHWEST MISSOURIAN

Co-Editors ..... Marvin Bell, Bob Johnson  
 Business Manager ..... Ted Jamison  
 Sports Editor ..... Marvin Bell  
 Photographer ..... Mick Ware  
 Office Manager ..... Evelyn Fletcher  
 Circulation Manager ..... Theresa McCord  
 Adviser ..... H. H. Morris

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## THE COLLEGE OATH

"We will never bring disgrace to this, our College, by any act of cowardice or dishonesty. We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the College. We will revere and obey the College laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in others. We will transmit this College to those who come after us, greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

## Mail Bag

To the Editor

During the past several months The Northwest Missourian has given recognition through the Dracula Club to students who have signed for the college blood donor list and to those who have given blood. The service provided by these students has been a most worthy service to both the college and Maryville.

I should, however, like to publicly extend a special word of praise to the men of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity. Forty-nine Tekes are members of the Dracula Club. This figure comprises more than half of the total membership. Of the last thirty-seven students who donated blood, twenty-seven were Tekes. Several Tekes have given blood as many as four times.

Not only to the Tekes but to all those who have given blood, I extend my thanks and trust in their continued co-operation in this worth while program.

Sincerely,

E. K. DeVore, Chairman  
 Division of Business

## The Picnic

My darling, my darling,  
 Do you not know  
 What you have done?

Do you not know  
 That you have crushed  
 The summer's roses and  
 Strewn their petals in the dirt?

Do you not know  
 That you have shattered  
 The jug of wine and left  
 Purple dew on green grass blades?

Do you not know  
 That you have torn and scattered  
 The loaf of bread  
 Over rocks and sand?

My darling, my darling,  
 Do you not know  
 How you have killed me?

Sherrie Hartman

## FINAL SCHEDULE

	Wed. May 27	Thurs. May 28	Fri. May 29	Mon. June 1	Tues. June 2
8-10	Tues. 8	Man. 8	Tues. 9	Mon. 3	Tues. 2
10-12	Mon. 9	Tues. 10	Tues. 1	Tues. 11	Mon. 4
1:30-3:30	Mon. 1 (1-3)	Mon. 2	Mon. 10	Mon. 11	Tues. 3
	Tues. 4 (3-5)				

Bold face dates indicate the first time the class meets in a week. Dates across the top indicate the time of the final. Times to the left indicate the day of the final. Times to the right indicate the day of the final.

## Editorial Exchange

## More Softpaw

Mar. 26

Last week, expanding the ideas of Miss N. Nedlog, Lagniappe suggested the transmutation of President Elliott's office into an auto wash. We are happy to report the glorious forming of SOFTPAW (Student's Organization For The Presidential Auto Wash).

In the coming weeks you'll experience an ever increasing number of people asking you to sign SOFTPAW petitions. Do not be frightened by the abundance of small print. It is merely a formality. DO NOT READ IT! Sign it. Then go to class content with the knowledge that YOU are helping Eastern eliminate one of the most insipid problems facing the students today. The parking lots.

(P. S. TO THE EDITOR: Dear Tim, Please excuse me writing this column in crayon. They won't let us have sharp objects out here.)

(LETTER)

To the Editor:

It's about time someone started thinking in terms of improving this campus. Nature

ally, we can count on Bob Schuster, who so bravely proposed, in his column, Lagniappe, to convert President Elliott's office into an auto wash. Why not? It is undoubtedly the best idea I've heard since I've been here. . . . zz

Fellow students, let's organize! We can start working today for something that has a definite purpose behind it. As Schuster said, "Students of Eastern, arise! Support this noble cause!" Now is the time, now we have the great opportunity to do something constructive so let us unite for a common goal, for a great idea.

Sincerely,  
 Marcia Weingarden

SOFTPAW boosters will be

happy to hear that chapters have been opened in California, New York, Texas and Australia.

(Letter)

To the Editor:

SOFTPAW is an ingenious idea and should be strongly supported. Everyone on this floor is wild with enthusiasm over the organization. It is my hope that everyone on campus will help support "SOFTPAW" (Students' Organization For The Presidential Auto Wash).

George Zollner

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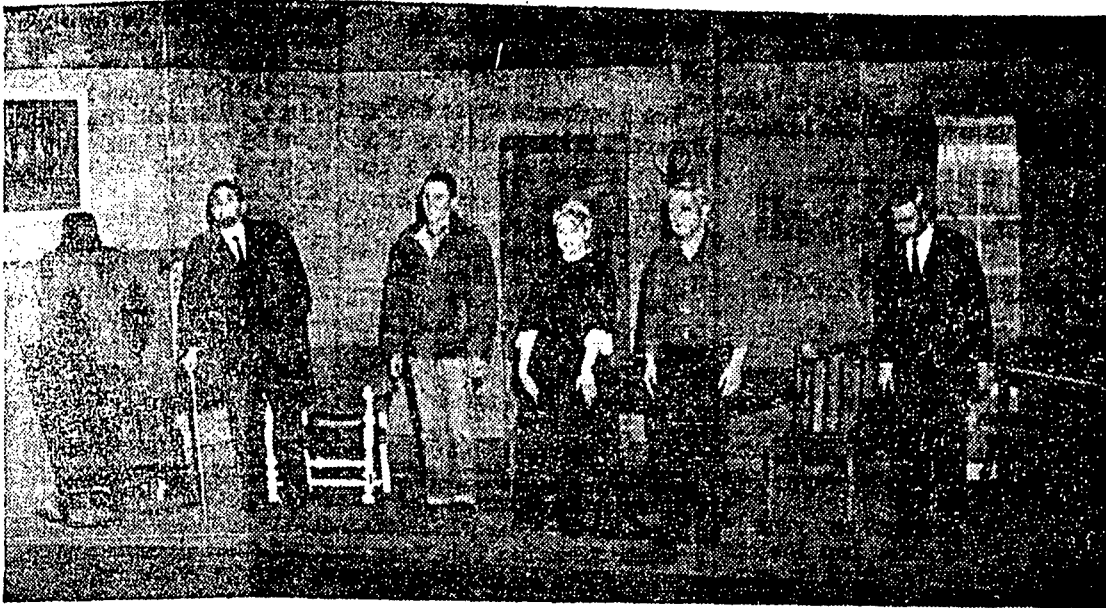


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**CURTAIN CALL**—The cast of "The Monkey's Paw" takes a well-earned bow at the completion of the play. The play was one of three one-act productions presented last week by speech and drama majors.

## Greek Week

### Sigma Sigma Sigma

Held Friday night in the Student Union Blue Room, the annual Tri Sigma Spring Formal had a Carousel theme.

A carousel of pastel crepe paper and pink horses set off the dance floor with balloon trees, clowns, carnival posters, and a cotton candy machine adorning the entrance. Highlighting the evening was the announcement of the Tri Sigma outstanding senior, Marty Durfee.

Intermission entertainment was a solo by Reanne Johnson. Pat Lyon was recognized for her work as decoration chairman.

Twelve girls were initiated May 3 into Sigma Sigma Sigma sorority in a ceremony held in the chapter room.

Those initiated were Jane Couch, Annette Cushing, Kay Graves, Carolyn Kading, Karol Kooker, Eileen Lopour, Michelle Markham, Susan Miller, Diane Pascal, Karen Peters, Elaine Sherman, and Karen Wilson.

The Tri Sigma patronesses gave a brunch for the collegiate members on May 9. Karen Peter, Ann Shamberger, and Kay Graves recognized for high scholastic ability.

### Sigma Tau Gamma

The annual White Rose formal was held Saturday night in the Blue Room of the

Student Union. The theme was "April Showers Bring May Flowers."

Decorations included 3 fountains, a rain bow, a winding path lined with gas lanterns, fluorescent rocks, and a decorated trellis. Music was furnished by the Vee-Jays from St. Joseph.

Miss Ann Trotter was crowned White Rose Queen. Terry Day was elected the Outstanding Tau who had contributed the most to the Fraternity. The scholarship award was won by Ed Atkins.

A special award was presented to Sue Thompson for special contributions over the last 4 years. The awards were announced by fraternity president Dean Hamon.

### Art Dept. Exhibits At Chillicothe

The department of fine arts at MSC has an exhibit in the current Festival of the Arts display at Chillicothe.

The display from MSC is made up of 20 pieces by students and faculty. Included drawings, paintings, prints, ceramics and sculpture. The works were gathered and arranged by Donald Robertson, instructor of fine arts at MSC and former teacher and principal at Chillicothe.

MSC is one of four colleges participating in the festival which is sponsored by the Chillicothe Allied Council working

in cooperation with the statewide Governor's Council on the Arts.

Nothing in the voice  
Of the cicada intimates  
How soon it will die.

### Haiku

From the cold darkness  
Golden beams of light appear  
To bring a new day.

—Bruce Falk

Malignant, moonless,  
Darkness drops her dismal  
shroud  
Stifling life beneath.

—Robert Outs

Upon us it creeps  
Leaving destruction or  
peace;  
Departing swiftly.

—Barb Stephens

The lightning is fierce;  
With bright flashes in the  
sky  
To introduce—rain.

—Judy King

## Former Maryville Man Heads KC Merchants Assn.

Thirty years ago this month John Henry Heath, Maryville, received his baccalaureate degree from Northwest State College in business administration and economics.

Tuesday the former Maryville man, now the metropolitan district manager of Montgomery Ward in Kansas City, was named president of the Merchants Association of Kansas City.

Heath, the son of the late Mrs. Clara Heath, is 52. He started with Wards in Springfield in 1936 and moved into Kansas City in 1960.

He attended Maryville High School and was graduated there in 1930.



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## Bearcats Take Third in MIAA Tennis Meet

The MSC tennis team tied for third place in the MIAA tennis tournament held at Rolla last week-end.

The Bearcats scored five points along with Springfield to be behind Kirksville and Cape Girardeau. Rolla and Warrensburg finished fifth and sixth respectively.

Coach Robert Gregory said that the competition was very good this year, even though Kirksville and Cape finished almost twenty points ahead of everyone else.

Neil Reynolds scored one point by beating Dale James from Rolla, 5-7, 6-2, 6-1, in the first round before being defeated by Dennis Mueller of Kirksville, 3-6, 5-7.

In the number three singles, Bob Schaag beat Chuck Baldwin of Warrensburg, 6-1, 6-1. Schaag lost to Bob Harris in the 2nd round, 5-7, 4-6.

The remaining three points came in the Number 2 doubles. Mains-Reynolds beat Thein-Whelove of Rolla, 6-1, 2-6, 6-4, in the first round. In the second round, Mains-Reynolds beat Harris-Stanschiedt, of Cape, 6-2, 6-4. In the third round, they lost to Harris-Kilian of Kirksville, 6-4, 6-1.

### MSC Team Piles Up Points

The MSC net team has scored 88 points while limiting their opposition to 17 by winning 58 of 71 singles matches and 30 of 34 doubles matches.

Listed in order on the tennis ladder after the final dual match are Neil Reynolds, 8 of 12; Bruce Horrell, 9 of 13; Bob Schaag, 10 of 12; Stan De-Cosmo, 11 of 13; Wayne Mains, 9 of 9; Richard Sellers, 4 of 4; Larry Harms, 5 of 6; Dean Hamon, 1 of 1; and Jerry Newman, 1 of 1.

In doubles competition, with various combinations playing, Maryville has won 11 of 13 matches of the top position; 12 of 13 at number two and 7 of 8 at number three position doubles.

### Have Only 2 Close Meets

The Bearcats had only two close matches, which they both won 5-4 from Warrensburg and Parsons College. Three opponents have scored two points from the MSC netters, three have scored one point and five,

## Intramurals

Rex Pettegrew, student intramural director, has announced that the softball games which have been rained-out will not be rescheduled because of the weather and the short period of time left in the school year.

Players are asked to check the P. E. bulletin boards for further notices and schedules by Pettegrew.

The May Reader's Digest recalls that a reporter who once interviewed Soviet Premier Khrushchev wrote that only two subjects enraged the Red leader: God and the Strategic Air Command. SAC Commander General Thomas Power's response to the report: "That puts us in pretty good company."

### BIG 8

Don't forget . . . intramural "Big 8" relays, Memorial Stadium, Wednesday, May 13th, under the lights. Bring a date . . . no admission.

## Maryville Last; Kirksville Takes 1964 MIAA Meet

The Northwest State College Bearcats could score only eight points in the Missouri Intercollegiate Athletic Assn. track meet Saturday at Kirksville as the host school ran away with the meet.

Kirksville scored 110½; Warrensburg, 56; Springfield, 41½; Cape Girardeau, 24½; and Maryville, 8.

Maryville's points came on a third by Larry Richardson in the high jump, a fourth in the mile relay, and fifth places in the broad jump by Ken Cheves; shotput by Leigh Raglo, and the 440-yard dash by Phil Frahm.

Kirksville won 10 of 17 events. Six meet records were shattered and two more tied. Willie Weaver of Warrensburg set records of :9.5 and :21.3 in the 100- and 200-yard dashes. Ed Schneider of Kirksville scored 14 points as the meet's high scorer.

## MSC Takes Two As Brumley, Maxwell Star

Coach Burton Richey's Bearcat baseball team won a pair of thrillers over the Rockhurst Hawks last week, taking the first game, 2-0, and the final, 4-2.

Slugging outfielder-first baseman Ed Maxwell unloaded a mendoza 350-foot home run in the bottom of the seventh inning to win the opener for Ron Brumley, 'Cat pitcher, who held Rockhurst to only four hits.

Brumley pitched his way out of several jams before recording his second straight shut-out. In his last two games, he allowed just a combined total of 5 hits and no runs.

In the second game, Bennie Cain got into trouble early as Rockhurst pushed across two first-inning runs. Then the righthander settled down, blanking Rockhurst for the remainder of the game.

MSC scored three runs in the third inning on singles by Bob Crawford, Jim Jackson, and

Maxwell, a walk to Howard Rolfe and a long double by Bernie Ricono.

Brumley is 5-, Cain, 2-1. The 'cats overall mark was boosted to a strong 11-6.

## MSC Baseball Team Defeats Tarkio, 25-3

The Bearcats scored 25 runs on 15 hits, Saturday afternoon, as Northwest State College defeated the Tarkio Owls, 25-3, on MSC's diamond.

Maryville scored two runs in each of the first two innings and nine in the third to completely dominate the ball game. MSC also scored one in the fifth, three in the sixth and eight in the eighth. Tarkio's only runs came in the fourth and seventh. Each team committed five errors.

Bob Crawford, Ron Brumley, and Ed Maxwell each hit a home run and the team had six other extra-base blows. Brumley, who worked the first five innings, now has a 6-0 record.

Maryville travels to Nebraska Wesleyan at Lincoln, Neb., Thursday for two ball games. **MARYVILLE (25)**

	AB	R	H
Albin, 3b	6	3	2
Crawford, 2b	3	2	2
Anderson, p	2	0	1
Jackson, ss	4	3	2
Shaw, cf	0	1	0
Albanese, cf	4	1	2
Ricono, c	2	1	0
Schultz, c	0	1	0
Pulanno, c	0	1	0
Maxwell, lf	4	1	2
Tesi, lf	0	1	0
Rolfe, rf	1	1	0
Croley, rf	1	1	0
Harris, lb	1	2	1
Schlegel, lb	2	0	0
Schneider, lb	1	1	1
Brumley, p	2	2	1
Messeri, p	1	2	1
	34	25	15

### TARKIO (3)

	AB	R	H
Falco, 3b	4	0	1
Whisler, ss	3	1	1
D'Alesio, rf	4	0	0
Matteson, lb	5	0	1
Boffa, p	3	0	0
Skarin, cf	4	0	1
Nuti, 2b	3	1	0
Black, lf	4	0	0
Olney, c	3	1	1
	33	3	5

A chemical known as Lobeline offers the greatest promise of helping smokers who want to break tobacco habit the May Reader's Digest reports. The drug, which can be produced synthetically, is similar in chemical structure and in effect to nicotine. Thus it can help to ease the craving for nicotine which is the most nagging symptom of tobacco withdrawal.

## Bearcats Finish Sixth In MIAA Golf Meet

The Northwest State College Bearcats came in last as Warrensburg and Springfield tied for first in the Missouri Intercollegiate Athletic Assn. conference golf meet held Friday and Saturday at Kirksville.

They tied for honors with 775 each while Kirksville and Rolla tied for third with 791 totals. Cape Girardeau shot an 842 while Maryville was sixth with 855.

Bob Caine, Warrensburg,

won top individual honors in a sudden death playoff after tying with Hubert Jones, Rolla, with 148 for 36 holes. Steve Hopkins, Warrensburg, finished third by winning a playoff after tying with Dick Baxter, Springfield, with 151.

Scores for the Maryville golfers were Gary Hanson, 162; Bob Allen, 167; Steve Anderson, 169; Don Peterson, 174; and Bob Pettegrew, 183.

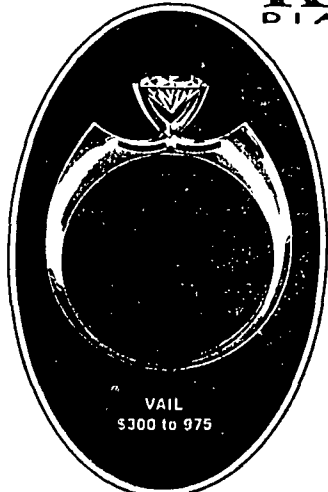
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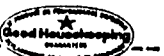


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### MSC Intramurals

**May 13 . . . Wednesday**

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# Literary Supplement

## Ode to America

Ponderous bells slowly toll the dew-grey hour;  
Another day will dawn—another day of infamy.

The sun will rise on the "promised land" of  
Liberty, justice, and equality for all, on a land where  
Men are made in the image of God.

But the torch in the sky is a torch of fire—the fire of  
Hate and Bigotry, of Ignorance and Blasphemy,  
Of the Guilt and Ugliness which light this land.

Born and nourished in idealism, once Proud and Spirited,  
Spirited, this land resounds the heavy toll.

"Two, four, six, eight:  
We don't want to integrate."  
And a child hears and hates too  
And grows up never knowing childish  
Pleasures and simple truths:  
A child with a heart as Black as the  
very people he blasphemies.

"The torch is passed to a new generation of Americans—  
Born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a  
Hard and Bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage."  
And then a man dies, a martyr to hate,  
And children who have learned hatred  
Clap in school-rooms and jump for joy  
In this land of truth and freedom.

"Join with me, in a war against poverty,  
And rid this nation of the evils of degeneracy."  
A new man arises and takes firm control  
Of many men and many hearts. And people  
Find fault and place shameless blame, and  
Ignore the pleas of poverty and degeneracy—  
ignore the dirt and squalor and ugliness.

The bells continue to toll, proving that even truth  
Can't set men free on another day of infamy.

There must be hope; infamy must die, for  
America must stand and again put forth her  
Once Proud and Spirited self for all men to know.

The torch shall be passed again; it must burn out  
Hate and Bigotry, tarnish Ignorance and Blasphemy,  
And scorch the Guilt and Ugliness which light this land.

"Conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition  
That ALL men are created equal. . ." It has to be.

—Lorraine Schultz

## Dress Attire: Past and Present

It must be admitted that in this society  
One finds many blessed with a dress-sense propriety—  
But just for the sake of nonsense and variety,  
Let's look back at the past!  
First one comes to the old and outdated fig leaf attire  
That on a Biblical Adam or Eve he might admire.  
But come! Much more in the way of dress is to transpire  
As we gaze through the past.

Centuries later came John Smith and other pilgrims bold—  
They not only shaped the land, but dress style, too, did mold  
As they introduced black, gray and other colors cold—  
These pilgrims from the past.

Even later one beholds the Victorian Age—  
When the cloak, gown and frilled collar were all the rage.  
Yes, certainly our land is one of great dress heritage—  
Let's be proud of the past!

A quick look at the "wild" array of the Roaring Twenties  
Will disclose beads, short skirts—and the once scandalous  
knees.

Older folk this erratic dress of course did not please—  
These skeptics of the past.

What mode of dress does one tend to find most often today?  
Well, sloppy clothes admittedly have come to have sway  
But—still we can find some thread of style in our array—  
It's not all in the past!

America has much substance in the fashion world.  
I have not meant any adverse comments to be hurled  
Against this showy nation of the world—  
She's come far in her past..

What other nation can so successfully combine  
The sheath, the flare, bouffant and others just as divine?  
Yes, certainly our country has done much to refine  
Those old styles from the past. —Gail Motzkur

## Ugly

My soul is man's my flesh by  
Him  
Has been begot.  
Behold the way he acts per-  
haps  
He has forgot.  
My heart is dark my skin is  
black.  
Shun me; most do.  
Beneath a cloak different in  
hue,  
Nothing is new.  
Black thorns were in His head.  
I wish  
To ask you why.  
For black or white was it that  
He  
Had wished to die?

—Bob Owens

## Dark Patterns

Dark patterns of light  
Shimmering briefly  
On the wide, shining mirror—  
Dark patterns,  
Drifting through rose-petal  
night  
Clothed in rain,  
Hanging an instant's weakness  
Trembling on the verge  
Of a light hill  
To plunge cons  
Swooping, irrevocable  
Down into the wet, dark  
mirror.  
Fragrance of rain-wet lilac  
Drifts past—haunting,  
Leaving dark patterns  
Trembling in the rain.

—Sherrie Hartman

## Wondrous Beginning

Friends I want us to be—  
For in our first meeting I  
could see  
The way you greeted my fam-  
ily and me  
Made me regret how the mo-  
ments did flee.  
A kind word, a warm smile  
that glows,  
Often grows and grows.  
For no one knows  
What the Creator sows.  
Often a little deed  
Like a little seed  
Helps someone in need,  
Which God alone can heed.  
We have now parted for a  
time—  
You up your path and I up  
mine,  
Each looking for a particular  
sign.  
The rocky road may be jagged,  
And the corners rough and rag-  
ged,  
The curves constantly turning;  
It's all a part of learning.  
A wondrous beginning,  
A brief meeting, and  
We became friends  
Now until life ends.

—Mary Jo Pruett

## Fear

Cruel was the laughter  
That cut to the very essence of  
loneliness.  
Crueler still  
Was the bitterly heartbreaking  
Silence  
Of the gambler  
Afraid to risk his soul  
For what he needed most.

—Irene Hause

## Night Beat

The rainwater fills the holes in my screen  
And gives me a diamond window so I can  
Look out and see, and hear, the rain  
coming down.

Eternally soft breezes caress my face  
And the smooth whispering leaves accompany  
The percussion of tinkling raindrops on the  
roof.

Muted sounds reach my ears—of wet streets  
And cars swishing by my window, of  
Dim and Distant motion in the  
darkness.

And water on the pavement reflects glittering  
Street lights and head-lights; my jeweled  
Window is bigger than life before my  
eyes.

Instantly illumined darkness fades and the  
Hills sound the roar of cracking thunder;  
And again its quiet; the faint percussion  
continues.

The freshness overwhelms me; it smells like a  
New greenhouse. I reach back into my  
Memories for other greenhouses and other  
showers.

Outside it's wet, and virgin pure, and hushed;  
My mind is hypnotized by the  
Muffled rhythm of the falling  
rain.

My glistening window makes reality only a  
Myth, and makes real the starry sights;  
The rhythm of the rain rocks me and I  
sleep.

—Lorraine Schultz

## The True Picture

You say you think I'm pretty?  
I'm not, you fool, I'm not.  
You should see me in the morning,  
When my hair is like a knot.

You should see me after washing,  
When my lips have disappeared.  
You should see me after swimming,  
When my mascara is all smeared.

You should see me when I'm crying.  
My nose gets big and red.  
You should see me when retiring.  
What it takes to go to bed!

That dewey complexion,  
You always thought was mine,  
Look closer:  
It is really Avon Number Nine.

Under the mask,  
My beauty is quite small.  
If you knew,  
You'd not care for me at all!

—Phyllis Green

## Let There Be Light

Sister—may I call you that?  
For we are all the children of one God—  
Sister, heart to heart I speak to you  
(Poetry or not, call it what you like).  
You have torn my heart with averted face  
and downcast eyes  
And I am sorry that you must walk this way  
With a shadow upon your soul.

Sister—I call you that.  
Our father knows my thoughts  
Heart to heart I talk to him  
(Call it prayer, or what you like)  
And ask him how I have hurt you  
And I am sorry that you must walk this way  
Casting a shadow from out your soul.

For a smile, like sunshine, adds light  
to the day.

Amen.  
—Irene Hawley

### Inspiration

Inspiration is only a noun  
A person, place or thing.  
You sit and think for hours and hours  
And all of a sudden—Bing!!

It could be the corner drug store,  
Or a group of trees outside,  
Or it could be the rhythmic sound  
Of the rushing, incoming tide.

It could be the sound of music  
Or a person with a mysterious face.  
It could be the lamp on the table  
Or a sad and lonely place.

It could be a train on the track,  
Or a fluffy cloud in the sky.  
It could be a certain expression  
Or a look that pleases the eye.

But whatever it is or wherever we find it  
We must always write it down  
And remember while we do this  
That inspiration is only a noun.

—Patty Crouse

### This Woman

For years I have seen her working.  
Never have I seen her shirking  
A job that had to be done, or  
Neglecting a task that some might deplore  
And might fail to do. She would  
Use her last breath to help, if she could,  
Someone who was lonely or needy.  
She is a remarkable woman, not greedy,  
Nor vain, nor ambitious, at least not in  
The way ambitiousness can cause sin.  
I have seen her eyes so tired that  
The lids would be almost flat  
Against her skin. Yet her physical weariness  
Would wait if she could help rid the dreariness  
In someone's heart. And I have seen the worry  
On her face when her loved ones rush and hurry  
And never fully realize God's beautiful land.  
I have seen her offer her chair, while she would stand,  
Though bedraggled and begging for rest.  
But she wouldn't complain, lest  
Others feel sorry for her. I  
Admire this creature as I stand by.  
I have known fear to be in her heart  
When her husband or children meet dangers apart  
From noticeable negligence. Her life  
Gives aid to those who are in strife;  
For these she feels pity. But I have seen the tears  
That fall from her cheeks; and for all years  
I will never love nor respect another  
So much as this woman—my mother.

—Sandy Robinson

### Seasons

Violets peep forth with purple heads  
among the grass and dew.  
The daffodils comb their golden tresses  
with a passing breeze.  
Hycacinths, perfumed and still, meditate  
while spring rains splash softly in the pensive morn.  
New awakening earth pushes forth her winter guests.  
Turned out of doors they lift their faces to sun and dew.  
They hide not from the falling rain,  
Nor seek shelter from the glittering sun.  
Each nods and gossops with his neighbor,  
Prating of simple spring things—  
new things—just born.  
Blossoms, leaves, buds and shoots  
All dance gaily with careless glee,  
For they see not the approaching summer.  
Summer, and all seek shade and cover from the sun.  
No longer is the earth moist and rich;  
Now it is dry, cracked, and brown.  
The violet faints in the oppressive heat;  
The daffodil's tresses droop and turn to brown;  
The hyacinth no longer contemplates in open air  
but withdraws with sinking heart.  
Soon autumn covers all with the treasures of the trees.  
The crazy-quilt of fall is pulled over nodding heads  
As the world prepares for the long sleep of winter  
Now the white cover of snow hides the busy gardens and fields.  
Violets, daffodils, hycacinths,  
All sleep, dreaming of the approaching morn of spring.  
Done is the scorching noon of summer;  
Over is the chill eve of fall;  
Now the still night of winter  
Hides and comforts all.

—Richard T. Smith

### Introduction

Laughter, I heard her soft  
laughter,  
Drift down the stairs  
To surround me with its en-  
chantment,  
And yet,  
I did not feel  
Its spell as it echoed through  
the room  
For it was no longer  
The laughter of joy  
But of a sweet sadness which  
we  
Both knew.  
I heard the rustle of that gown  
Its gentle swishing  
As she floated down those  
Velvet-clad stairs.  
I saw a smile play upon  
Those lips  
As she passed through the  
door.  
How charming did she smile  
As we were introduced.  
And as she moved away from  
me to  
Her other guests  
I heard again that laughter  
And caught a glimpse  
Of that smile through those  
Shimmering tears  
Which were only present  
To her and me.

—Jo'Ann Fabro

### College Student

You sit in class  
And the professor lectures,  
And you listen  
Or don't listen.

You walk across campus  
And life beckons,  
And you see  
Or you don't see.

You live in the dormitory  
And there are times to think  
And times to grow,  
And you do...  
Or you don't.  
The Old Truths

The truth  
We searched for  
With our youth  
Is old  
And dim  
And ragged,  
Picked apart  
By confused faces  
Bent in memory.

The truth is old  
But even in disguise  
We know it,  
And our hearts  
Ache with youth's pain  
Once more.

—Nancy Boyd

### Adults

Adults are walled beings.  
They build ego high around  
their id.  
They erect a barrier of man-  
ners. Forbid  
Escape of thought or feelings.  
But if one brick escapes the  
tiled  
Surface or the loosened edges  
full  
And tumble down. Behind the  
wall  
One finds a child.

—Linda Sweeney

### Winter

Frozen trees, a fairy sight;  
Gems of opal burning light;  
Frosted tears—winter's de-  
light.  
Sheen of silver shining sheer,  
Winter weather never clear  
Frees fools from their frozen  
fear.

—Sharon Schmidt

### Question

An array of doodles on a piece of paper,  
A notebook lying open on the desk.  
A loved one waiting patiently till he "has an education."  
Thoughts of past, present, future all at once;  
The feeling of nonentity accompanied by that of purpose.  
Sounds of life around me, yet the room appears to be  
death-still.  
And suddenly the question:  
"Is this my youth, my life?"  
—Mary Mast

### Dust

Warm blood of life.  
Running down my hand.  
Essential blood of life,  
Warm and red and flowing,  
Never to return to me.  
Vital fluid of existence,  
Dried away to crust;  
Moist stream of life  
Dried and blown to dust.  
What matters if I come or go?  
What matters if I reap or only  
sow?  
Who knows the fate that I  
await.  
And more, who cares?  
Life comes—and goes,  
It rains and snows,  
A child is born,  
An old man dies;  
And love is drowned in tears  
of blood.  
Warm blood of life,  
Dried away to crust,  
Dried and blown to dust.  
—Eddielea Roe

### The Room

Left alone—  
Darkness encompassess the  
room;  
It forgets all bonds to mankind,  
Placidly accepts its doom.  
Gray walls—  
They stand subdued by silence  
Forgetting short-ceased shouts  
of joy;  
Merely existing without de-  
fiance.  
Some light—  
It enters through a half-closed  
window;  
Falls slanted inconsistently on  
the floor  
And gives the desolation a  
hopeful glow.  
—Sharon Mutti Weir

### Here to Gone

Velvet feet to velvet night  
Shadow into shadow  
Yet light to dark  
Bright to dull  
And joy turned into sorrow.  
Here to gone, life to death  
Flesh into the spirit  
Can touch me now  
Or touch my heart  
Today into tomorrow?  
Here in part, there in part  
And living part in others  
Never to ever  
Touch again  
Until I too am shadow.  
—Linda Sweeney

### My Little Ones

Their eyes  
So sure, so bright  
And knowing, calm the fear  
Of man, and fill his heart with  
hope  
For freedom.  
My heart  
Screams out in fear  
And pain, for time's so short  
To hold, and love, and lead,  
and teach  
My boys.

—Carol Jane Bryant

### My Father's Love

A father's love should be  
The most wonderful thing on  
Earth—  
Well, almost anyway.  
And my father's is for me.  
His love was teaching me—  
How to eat, how to walk—  
Maybe sometimes preaching  
to me  
On when I should or shouldn't  
talk.

His love meant a willing hand  
To fix a broken shovel or doll;  
To pick me up out of the snow,  
To help me when I fall.

His love was a warm heart,  
A loving kiss good-night.  
He taught me forgiveness, too.  
When my sisters and I would  
fight.

His love, when I go home  
To see him, and Mother, too,  
Is a warm hug, a laugh and a  
kiss,  
And "It's good to see you, too."

My father's love is still these  
things,  
All these things and more,  
For every day I think of him  
And thank God and love him  
more.

—J. Carol Crawford

### I Love to See

Birds singing  
Flowers blooming  
Grass growing  
Lovers walking  
Children playing  
Babies chuckling  
Water flowing  
People talking  
Girls giggling  
Boys teasing  
Wind blowing  
People enjoying  
Things happening  
Kites flying  
Gardeners hoeing  
People loving  
Readers reading  
Writers writing  
People knowing  
SPRING IS HERE!!  
—Janet Engle

### Insanity

A drop  
That beats and beats  
Upon my fevered brain  
Repeats, repeats, repeats re-  
peats  
Insane

### Sleep

Downy  
Softness, sweetness,  
Silk lethargic sleep  
Surrounds, engulfs, and sweet-  
ly smothers.

### Disgust

It crawls  
Upon my flesh  
Bathing me in filth  
And drags my heart into my  
guts—  
Disgust.

—Ann Shackelford

## Grace

I saw a little man with body bent and old.  
He caressed the tiny hand of a baby from  
his fold.  
The child responded eagerly and kissed the  
man's drawn face.  
There and then I witnessed an act of worldly  
grace.  
Divinity and godly love seems far from human  
reach,  
But we hold the key to happiness if we'd  
practice what we preach.  
Search for truth and purity in every eye you  
meet.  
Look for warmth and happiness in every  
soul you greet.  
Give of yourself to each person you see;  
Help him become what you want him  
to be.  
When a hate-filled man puts his life on  
a shelf,  
He can't escape from the world for it lives  
in himself.

—Ginger White

## Reduction of Life

She goes by many names.  
She is slumbering peacefully wrapped in a blanket  
of glitter  
She is called Night.  
She gently stirs and opens her dew-filled eyes  
She is called Dawn.  
She happily arises and stretches her arms into eternity  
She is called Sunrise.  
Her time is spent playing merrily with only an  
occasional fall  
She is called Day.  
Her vivid playfulness dims into pastels of pink, blue,  
and yellow; yawning she rubs her dusk-filled eyes  
She is called Sunset.  
She is a picture of simplicity and complexity,  
Sunshine and storms—Her given name is Life.

—By Karol Kooker

## Nature's Beautiful Gift

A rainbow of pastels, indigo blues, and scarlets;  
They portray a variety of personalities.  
Milky white lilies of the valley stand quiet and serene  
Among the woody violets and shy pansies.  
Rich yellow marigolds with their shining faces  
Sway to and fro in the wind,  
Along with boastful and laughing daisies.  
Blue bells ring silently in the breeze;  
And slender, elegant, crimson roses  
Grace the garden with their majestic beauty.  
Colorful snapdragons with mock smiles on their faces  
Guard Nature's beautiful gift to man—  
Her royal kingdom of flowers.

—By Karol Kooker

## Us

The earth is heaving from the tears and blood  
that stain it  
Spilled from the bodies of a riotously searching  
generation  
That finds what it seeks not.  
A generation that weeps, laughs at,  
Scorns, ignores, distrusts and hates  
The problem as old as man himself  
Facing it with a knowledge  
That understands but cannot help,  
Will not help.  
This is a generation  
That forgets the answer to,  
Am I my brother's keeper?

—Irene Hause

## Mirrors

Did you glance at that mirror over there?  
Did you see all the wonders that I saw there?  
The image of a girl, standing, staring;  
The picture of friends, loving, sharing;  
The hope that arises when everything is new  
And fresh and beautiful, like soft morning dew;  
The brightness of life, the darkness of death,  
The loveliness of life, the tenderness of death;  
They're all there. Did you see?

And did you see God there too,  
And did you see God there too?

—Sharon Phoenix

## Good-Bye

Good-bye—  
I have fears as I hear  
Those words upon the lips that  
speak them.  
Yet, I feel a wave of  
Relief and freedom  
Fill the air which surrounds  
That life  
"Please," I hear those lips say,  
"Do not weep for me,  
Only forgive me for what I did.  
My dear ones,  
How cruel and selfish  
I was, knowing only  
Myself—  
Not realizing until now  
How much I destroyed.

"Now—  
I cannot go on as this,"  
Those lips say,  
And I hear fall from them  
words which say life  
Is empty,  
There is nothing left—  
Faith, desire, hope, and life  
itself!  
All are gone  
It is of little use anymore—  
They have fled, forever.

So—  
Weep not, but forget  
For you, my loves, must live  
To have the joy and happiness  
That life offers.  
Do not grieve for now  
These lips know the true mean-  
ing  
Of peace

—Jo'Ann Fabro

## To Salomon

I knew, even then,  
That it could not be—  
That I would forget  
The sweet burning  
Within my breast:  
The beginning of my love for  
you.

Even though I knew,  
I would not accept—  
Clung to the image  
Hoped for the future.  
I gradually watched  
The illusion fade  
(As a child with nose  
pressed against a  
bakery-window  
watches as the last cake  
is removed from display).

Yes, I knew,  
But, no, I would not forget.  
—Irene Hawley

## Aftermath

Aftermath is rude,  
Stark, unreal.  
It lends itself to every  
Corner of fearful imagination.  
Rain, hail,  
Tempestuous winds—  
Majestic trees,  
Splintered and fallen.  
Aftermath is a building  
Crumpled like a paper cup  
Under the foot of One  
Much mightier than it.  
Aftermath is only guessing  
What happened  
As we huddled  
In fear and safety.  
It is a tearing ache  
In the corner of my heart  
When I no longer see  
That beautiful, favorite tree.

—J. Carol Crawford

## Hide and Seek

This mask  
We show the world  
Is there to hide the guilt  
Which festers underneath and  
taints  
The pure.

—Audrey Frame

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## In the Beginning Created I Them

### Short Story

by Irene Hawley

As she sat on the somber,  
gray rock her golden tresses  
seemed to mirror the morning  
sun. Her hair was long and  
she lifted it high above her  
head as she combed and swirl-  
ed it according to her fancy.  
The burnished strands were  
like rays from the golden orb  
in the heavens. Her eyes were  
the color of the sea below her.  
And like the sea they revealed  
many moods—sometimes they  
were clear and lucid; at other  
times they were wild and tur-  
bulent, and one could almost  
imagine the splashing spray  
of the sea when he looked into  
their storm-tossed depths.

She was loved by all the  
fishes of the sea. They swam  
around her rock and watched  
with fascination. On this  
morning they were not the  
only ones who watched, for a  
lonely artist had wandered far  
from his usual haunts, and  
quite by accident had come  
upon the beautiful mermaid in  
the quiet, sun-drenched cove.  
As he observed the remarkable  
creature, it seemed that his  
heart was twisted with each  
glowing thread of the mer-  
maid's hair.

His was a lonely life—few  
there were who understood  
him. Few there were who  
could feel the stirrings of im-  
mortality that caused him to  
paint such as he painted. Few  
there were with whom he could  
communicate, for he lived in  
a world apart. To him then,  
the sight of the exquisite sea-  
creature carried an impact  
that touched his soul. Here  
was a thing of art, of beauty,  
an ethereal being—the embodi-  
ment of all his dreams. Was  
it not understandable that he  
should attempt to come closer  
to this ideal?

Many days passed. Who can  
know the patience, the determi-  
nation, the perseverance, and,  
yes, the love with which he ap-  
proached his ideal? Suffice it  
to say that at last he accom-  
plished his goal—the shy mer-  
maid lost her fright, and many  
an hour the lonely artist spent  
with her, pouring out his soul.  
Many an hour did she listen to  
his accounts of the world of  
men, and many an hour did  
she speak of the mysteries of  
the sea and its strange sublim-  
ity. Magnificent was the rap-  
port of these two minds, so dif-  
ferent and yet so alike.

Neptune, that great ruler of  
the seas, soon heard of the  
mermaid's plight. He greatly  
loved this child of the seas and  
summoned her to his royal  
quarters. There he offered her  
a choice: she might become  
like the rest of the fish, or she  
might become a human being.  
The beautiful sea-creature did  
not know what to think. She  
loved her home in the enchant-  
ing, ever-changing waters, but,  
yes, she felt it, she knew it—  
she also loved the man-artist.  
Neptune was a fair god; if she  
desired, she might be a woman  
for twenty-four hours, visit the  
world of men, and then give  
her decision.

It was early in the morning  
when she entered the city. The  
sun could hardly be seen for  
the tall buildings, but several  
rays seemed to search out the  
golden tresses of the beautiful  
girl. How strange it seemed

here! How different from her  
comfortable home! She was  
used to being admired, for she  
was the idol of all the fishes—  
here no one seemed to notice  
her. There was a strange  
sense of urgency, of hustle and  
hurry that she did not under-  
stand. There was a nervous  
undercurrent of tension. No  
one smiled. No one cared.  
No one. Not one person.

Evening found her tired,  
heartsick, lost, and alone. So  
this was the world of men! So  
this was the paradise that was  
before her. People didn't care  
about one another. She had  
been pushed, and shoved, and  
cheated—an easy mark.

Oh, Neptune, thy child shall  
return!

Return she did. A fish she  
became, beloved of all the oth-  
ers. Early each morning,  
however, there came a strange  
stirring in her soul and she  
would find herself swimming  
alone to a little cove—and on  
a somber, gray rock sat a  
man. He came every day, and  
seemed to be searching for  
something—something that he  
evidently never found, for he  
would go away with his head  
hanging down, and with some-  
thing very like tears in his  
eyes.

One day as he sat on the rock  
he threw something into the  
placid waters—she was quick  
to dart to it. Some old long-  
ing seemed to propel her for-  
ward. She took the offering  
in her mouth, and then—oh,  
pain of all pains! A strange  
burning seemed to fill her en-  
tire being and she was flying  
through space on the end of a  
line.

"Not a very big one," thought  
the artist. "Not even worth  
throwing back." It was then  
that he noticed the eyes of the  
dying fish—they seemed to be  
pleading with him, and they  
were the color of the sea; they  
were wild and turbulent in pain  
and he could almost imagine  
the splashing spray of the sea  
when he looked into their  
storm-tossed depths.

## A Teacher's Promise

It doesn't matter  
What is your creed  
I'll teach you to write  
And teach you to read.

I'll help you to count  
And put on your wraps.  
I'll read you stories  
And make you take naps.

I'll try to help you  
To understand  
That all these differences  
Were created by man.

I'll attempt to teach you  
With the wisdom given me  
That all men are equal  
And all should be free.

—Glenda Bright

## The Key

She laughs  
Too loudly  
Too often  
Hysterically.

She thinks  
it hides the twisting  
agony of her very being  
She thinks I do not know...

—Irene Hause



## B-17 Forgotten

Oh bullet  
riddled wings of rust.  
Broken fuselage of war's  
loss.  
Still you lie as you cast a silent  
shadow upon the burning sand.  
Battered, quiet and mysterious you lie  
in eternal waiting.  
Once you were the undisputed victor  
of the air.  
Your silvery wings safely bore  
a gallant crew.  
Bonn, Nuremberg and Berlin tasted  
your gifts of exploding hell.  
Soon your shell will be  
transformed  
into many shapes  
of reborn steel.  
The fiery kiln  
awaits.  
Gone from the eyes  
of common men.  
Vividly seen in the minds  
of a grateful crew.  
I felt  
in their hearts,  
Respected  
in their souls.

—Jerry Leonard

## Responsibilities of Freedom

We take so for granted the liberties of our land—our freedom of speech and orderly assembly; our freedom from fear of oppression and suppression; our freedom to come and go according to our own desires so long as we respect the rules of our society; and our freedom from the necessity of providing bodily protection from the possible aggressive acts of others less respectful of our rights.

We often forget how much is provided for us in this land of the free. We forget that we sleep soundly at night, free from fear, because the rules and regulations (laws of our land) are enforced for our protection.

We sometimes forget that the rules and regulations which make our freedoms possible are rules and regulations which must of necessity apply to all of us. We forget that with privileges go responsibilities (for truthful statements and judicious actions).

When we become overly swayed by our emotions, we tend to forget the basic necessity of practicing the Golden Rule. We sometimes act like charter members of the "Me First Party."

Too often we forget that our rights end. . . where the other fellow's nose begins!

—Jurel Jackson

## Open Your Eyes

Open your eyes, you fool, can't you see  
The beauty around you in grass blade and tree.  
Oh, why do you seek a wealth untold?  
You'll find no beauty in silver or gold.  
I know that each day is filled with strife.  
I know you seek pleasure and leisure in life;  
But your search will be endless until you can see.  
That is love, and love is free.

—Ginger White

## The City

Is there a city, where all men can go,  
To ignore man's color, his breed, and creed?  
Where every living man will be called freed?  
Where not a man will cause a human woe?  
Where greedy mundane sway will make no foe?  
Where kindness and love is a man's sole deed?  
Where human weakness, we will have no need?  
Is there a man who knows a place to go?  
Ignorance is not likely to all men.  
Ages ago a man showed us the only way,  
To a skyward home and the way to trod.  
God fearing men know that man as the Lamb.  
I learned from Him, the earth a place to stay,  
Until we're allowed into the City of God.

—Alice McDevitt

## Sleep

Sleep comes as a mother bird to her nest;  
She spreads her dark wings to give comfort and rest.  
Her children sigh with relief when she gives  
The sweetness of every dream she lives.

—Eunice Cural

## Nana—A Beautiful Memory

By Karol Kooker

It was Spring—the season of hope, the commencement of new life, and the awakening of old life, which had been dormant through the winter months. It was the season that reaped warmth, beauty, and happiness. It was definitely the time of the living.

As I sat talking with my grandmother, whom I affectionately called Nana, on her back porch that beautiful April morning, the awareness of the symbolism of Spring and the knowledge of the fate of that dear woman overwhelmed me. Tears filled my eyes, blurring my vision so that I could no longer see the pale, thin, frame that had become little more than a skeleton. Nor could I see the pathetic arms that hung limply from their sockets, all black and blue from the numerous blood transfusions.

Those same arms had once been strong and healthy; had once been mischievously busy as a small child; had once held two small children, a boy and a girl, surrounding them with parental love; had many times rendered an abundance of service to her beloved family, friends, organizations, and her church—those arms that would soon be still.

How unbelievable it was that only nine months ago Nana had come home from the doctor bearing the news that she had a fatal disease—leukemia; Nana, a woman of seventy, who was much younger looking and acting than her years; Nana, whose absence was impossible to imagine, but who was sure to be taken from her beloved family any day.

So incredible it seemed, and yet so ironical, for Nana had always expressed a wonderful philosophy concerning herself and death. She never looked on the coming of death as something to be dreaded or thought of as undesirable. Nana had lived a full and rewarding life. She could see no point in prolonging her life to an age where her mind would cease to enjoy and appreciate the beauty in life, and her physical being would become old, crippled, and useless.

When Nana's wise words, being somewhat prophetic in their nature, drew near to becoming a reality, the earnestness with which she had expressed them became apparent.

Nana's remaining months on earth were not drowned in self-pity or bitterness. Her first task was to help her loved ones accept her fate as she had already done. Her second task was to tie up any loose ends of her life. Nana's third task was simply finishing out her life with the same normalcy in which she had lived it. How happy Nana had been in the end, drinking in the beauty of nature, being with friends and family, and knowing that she had started her journey to the Heavens to be with her Creator.

Nana was truly a remarkable woman. Her last days could have been filled with sorrow and tragedy for herself and loved ones, but because of the woman she was, they were

the most meaningful days of all.

If we had put an epitaph on Nana's headstone, it surely would have read like this:

A beautiful memory dearer than gold,

Of a woman whose worth can never be told!

Happy and smiling, always content,

Loved and respected wherever she went;

To a beautiful life came a peaceful end,

She died as she lived, everyone's friend.

—Anonymous

## The City

Simplicity is the fig leaf.

For me, ah,

Give me the massive —

To surround myself with the concrete jungle

Is my desire.

Its spectacle and its realm

Entice my ego.

Oh tundra,

I salute you and pledge my allegiance.

It is you who selects that

Fauna,

A reflection of your conscience.

Your wick has reached the middle—

Now you seek that infinitesimal glow,

Which you know

Has already been devoured

By your predecessors.

Hail to you, dear Sultan.

The tobor solicits;

The era emaciates.

Hail to you, dear friend.

—James P. Hurley

## Granddad

Sitting quietly  
Staring into space  
I hear your voice  
I see your face.

Right at my side  
You seem to be  
Giving advice  
Guiding me.

You were always tender  
Understanding and kind  
Seemingly able  
To read my mind.

I'll never forget  
The best friend I had  
For it was you  
My own Grandad.

—Glenda Bright

## A Thought

When writing a poem  
If you make the lines terse,  
The poem will be over  
As fast as this verse.

—Sandra Robinson

## Blackmail

The truth  
Will sock and bruise  
And probe and let in light,  
Not like the warmth and comfort of  
The lie.

—Audrey Frame

## Giant World

They wake  
With eagerness  
Each morn to enter once  
Again, the giant world of feet  
And legs.

—Audrey Frame

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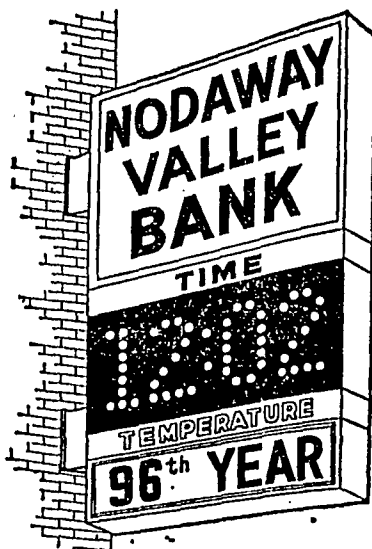
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